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THE LADIES' MONITOR.

ADDRESSED TO EVERY FAIR READER, WHETHER
SINGLE OR MARRIED.

A MULTITUDE of admirers is an object too generally coveted by young females, yet it is certainly a very improper method to be taken by such as wish to be happy in matrimony. Sensible and well-meaning, worthy and sincere men, are seldom attracted within the circle of those who adopt this conduct; if they should fall within it, it is very seldom that they long retain the slight chains of such a love.—In particular, it is remarkably improper and absurd for a woman, who has already a sensible lover, to languish for a number of flatterers to admire her—should she miss of her aim, she fancies herself unhappy: should she succeed, she is likely to be really so. A man who values his own honour, or the dignity proper for the female whom he addresses to assume, will by no means admit of this plurality of lovers, any more than the laws will admit of a plurality of husbands.

A neatness, without excess, in point of dress, a prudent restraint of the tongue, a moderation in taking diversions, and an unaffected ease and politeness, joined to the usual accomplishments, must complete the character of an accomplished lady in a single state; and will, in the end, outweigh the transitory, though delightful charms of a beautiful person.

However, it frequently happens that women, as soon as they are married, seem to think their task is entirely done, yet it is no less common for them to find that it is just then to begin again. It is often an easier matter to win a man than to keep him; and those who have found little trouble in conquering a sweetheart, have had no small difficulty in preserving the affections of a husband.

In the first place, there is nothing more proper, than to observe, with the utmost nicety, the temper of the person to whom you are to be joined in matrimony—For this is the very key to happiness in that state, and if it be not found, all other efforts will be ineffectual. It is in vain to conclude, that, from the apparent disposition of the former lover, you may draw that of the husband. It is not so, it cannot be so; for, besides that the best humours of the former are only seen, circumstances being

altered, will doubtless make an apparent alteration in the same person, to which the knowledge of his natural disposition must lead you. It is to this alone you must expect to owe that empire which you wish to maintain over the heart you have conquered; though, amongst the variety of dispositions observable in men, there are but few, where an even mildness on the side of the female, will best secure her sway; and she will always rule most perfectly, who seems not ambitious of governing—Jealousy is what every married woman should beware of; when once she admits of it, she treasures up anxiety in her mind—Should she entertain it in her bosom, it will be perpetually preying, as it were, upon her vitals; if she is imprudent enough to avow it, there will ever be found a number of officious people, who will fill her ears with tales which will destroy her peace. The fond wife will then be looked upon as a kind of domestic foe; for her husband will shun her accordingly, and whenever they are together, they will be the mutual torment of each other.

EXTRACT FROM A ROYAL GRANT OF LAND IN CARNATA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Written on Palmyra leaves, with a stylus.

PROSPERITY attend you!
Adoration to Ganesa!

STANZAS!

1. Adored be the god Sambhu, on whom the city of the three worlds rested in the beginning, as on its main pillar, and whose lofty head is adorned with a crescent, that kisses it, resembling the point of a waving Chamara.
2. May the tusk of that boar whose form was assumed in sport by Heri, when the raised earth was his gorgeous umbrella, with Hermadri (or the golden mountain) for the ornament of its top, be a staff to keep you secure.
3. May the luminous body of that God, who though formed like an elephant, was born of Parvati, and is revered even by Heri, propitiously dispel the gloom of misfortune.
4. There is a luminary which rose like fresh butter from the ocean of milk, churned by the gods, and scattered the gloom from around it.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF
THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

With a relation of the most remarkable occurrences in the life of the celebrated COUNT PULASKI, well known as the champion of American Liberty, and who bravely fell in its defence before Savannah, 1779.

Interpersed with Anecdotes of the late unfortunate KING of POLAND, so recently dethroned.

MY history presents a frightful example of the instability of fortune. It is indeed very flattering, but it is also sometimes very dangerous, to have an ancient title to sustain, and a large estate to preserve. The sole descendant of an illustrious family, whose origin is lost in the darkness of remote ages, I have a right to aspire to, and to occupy the first employments in the republic which gave me birth, and yet I behold myself condemned to languish in a foreign country, amidst an indolent and inglorious obscurity.

The name of Lovzinski is honourably mentioned in the annals of Poland, and that name is about to perish with myself! I know that an austere philosophy either rejects or despises vain titles and corrupting riches; and perhaps I should console myself if I had lost only these; but, I weep for an adored spouse, I search after a beloved daughter, and I shall never more revisit my native land. What courage is capable of opposing griefs like mine?

My father, the Baron de Lovzinski, still more distinguished by his virtues than his rank, enjoyed that consideration at court, which the favour of the prince always confers, and which personal merit sometimes obtains. He bestowed all the attention of a tender parent on the education of my two sisters; and in regard to mine, he occupied himself with the zeal of a man of family, jealous of the honour of his house, of which I was the sole hope, and with the activity of a good citizen, who desires nothing so ardently as to leave to the state a successor worthy of him.

While I was pursuing my studies at Warsaw, the young P—— distinguished himself among the rest of my companions by his amiable qualities. To the charms of a person at once noble and engaging, he joined the graces of a cultivated understanding. The uncommon address which he displayed among us young warriors, that rare modesty with which he seemed desirous to conceal his own merit from himself, on purpose to exalt the abilities of his less fortunate rivals, who were generally vanquished by him in all our exercises; the urbanity of his manners, and the sweetness of his disposition, fixed the attention, commanded the esteem, and rendered him the darling of that illustrious band of young nobility, who partook of our studies and our pleasures.

To say that it was the resemblance of our characters, and the sympathy of our dispositions, that occasioned my attachment to M. de P—— would be to pay myself too flattering a compliment; however that may be, we both lived together in the most intimate familiarity.

How happy, but how fleeting is that time of life, when one is unacquainted with ambition, which sacrifices every thing to the desire of fortune and the glory that follows in her train, and with love, the supreme power of which

absorbs and concentrates all our faculties upon one sole object! that age of innocent pleasures, and of confident credulity, when the heart, as yet a novice, follows the impulse of youthful sensibility, and bestows itself unreservedly upon the object of disinterested affection! Then, surely, friendship is not a vain name!

The confidant of all the secrets of M. de P——, I myself undertook nothing without first intrusting him with my designs; his counsels regulated my conduct, mine determined his resolution; our youth had no pleasures which were not shared, no misfortunes which were not solaced, by our mutual attachment.

With what chagrin did I not perceive that fatal moment arrive, when my friend, obliged by the commands of a father to depart from Warsaw, prepared to take leave of me! We promised to preserve for ever that lively affection which had constituted the chief happiness of our youth, and I rashly swore that the passions of a more advanced age should never alter it.

What an immense void did the absence of M. de P—— leave in my heart! At first it appeared that nothing could compensate for his loss; the tenderness of a father, the caresses of my sisters, affected me but feebly. I thought that no other method remained for me to dissipate the irksomeness of my situation, than to occupy my leisure moments with some useful pursuit. I therefore cultivated the French language, already esteemed throughout all Europe; I read with delight those famous works, the eternal monuments of genius, which it had produced; and I wondered that, notwithstanding such an ungrateful idiom, so many celebrated poets, so many excellent philosophers and historians, justly immortalized, had been able to distinguish themselves by its means.

I also applied myself seriously to the study of geometry; I formed my mind in a particular manner to the pursuit of that noble profession which makes a hero at the expence of one hundred thousand unfortunates, and which men less humane than valiant have called the grand art war! Several years were employed in these pursuits, which are equally difficult and laborious; in short, they solely occupied my thoughts. M. de P——, who often wrote to me, no longer received any but short replies, and our correspondence began to languish by neglect, when at length love finished the triumph over friendship.

My father had been for a long time intimately connected with Count Pulaski. Celebrated for the austerity of his manners, famous on account of the inflexibility of his virtues, which were truly republican, Pulaski, at once a great captain and a brave soldier, had on more than one occasion signalized his fiery courage, and his ardent patriotism.

Instructed in ancient literature, he had been taught by history the great lessons of a noble disinterestedness, an immovable constancy, an absolute devotion to glory. Like those heroes to whom idolatrous but grateful Rome elevated altars, Pulaski would have sacrificed all his property to the prosperity of his country; he would have spilled the last drop of his blood for its defence; he would even have immolated his only, his beloved daughter, Lodoiska.

Lodoiska! how beautiful! how lovely! her dear name is always on my lips, her adored remembrance will live for ever in my heart!

From the first moment that I saw this fair maid, I lived only for her; I abandoned my studies; friendship was entirely forgotten. I consecrated all my moments to Lodoiska. My father and hers could not be long ignorant of my attachment; they did not chide me for it; they must have approved it then? This idea appeared to me to be so well founded, that I delivered myself up, without suspicion, to the sweet passion that enchanted me; and I took my measures so well, that I beheld Lodoiska almost daily, either at home, or in company with my sisters, who loved her tenderly:—two sweet years flew away in this manner.

At length Pulaski took me one day aside, and addressed me thus: "Your father and myself have formed great hopes of you, which your conduct has hitherto justified; I have long beheld you employing your youth in studies equally useful and honourable. To-day—(He here perceived that I was about to interrupt him) What would you say? Do you think to tell me any thing I am unacquainted with? Do you think that I have occasion to be hourly witness of your transports, to learn how much my Lodoiska merits to be beloved? Is it because I know as well as you the value of my daughter, that you never shall obtain but by meriting her? Young man, learn that it is not sufficient that our foibles should be legitimate, to be excusable; those of a good citizen ought to be turned entirely to the profit of his country; love, even love itself, like the basest of the passions, is either despicable or dangerous, if it does not offer to generous hearts an additional motive to excite them towards honour.

"Hear me: Our monarch, for a long time in a sickly habit of body, seems at length to approach towards his end. His life, become every day more precarious, has awakened the ambition of our neighbours. They doubtless prepare to sow divisions among us; and they think that by over-awing our suffrages, they will be enabled to force upon us a king of their own chusing. Foreign troops have already dared to appear on the frontiers of Poland; already two thousand Polish gentlemen have assembled, on purpose to punish their audacious insolence. Go and join yourself with those brave youths; go, and at the end of the campaign return covered with the blood of our enemies, and shew to Pulaski a son-in-law worthy of him!"

I did not hesitate a single moment; my father approved of my resolutions, but being unable to consent without pain to my precipitate departure, he pressed me for a long time against his bosom, while a tender solicitude was depicted in all his looks; his adieus seemed to be inauspicious; the trouble that agitated his heart seized upon my own; our tears were mingled on his venerable cheeks. Pulaski, who was present at this moving scene, stoically reproached us for what he termed a weakness. Dry up your tears, said he to me, or preserve them for Lodoiska: it belongs only to childish lovers who separate themselves

from each other for five or six months, to weep in this manner! He instructed his daughter in my presence, both of my departure, and of the motives which determined me to it. Lodoiska grew pale, sighed, looked at her father with a face suffused with blushes, and then assured me in a trembling voice, that her vows should be offered up for my safe return, and that her happiness depended on the safety of Lovzinski.

(To be continued.)

ANGER.

IT was a memorable saying of Peter the Great, "I have civilized my country, but I cannot civilize myself." He was at times vehement and impetuous, and committed, under the impulse of his fury, the most unwarrantable excesses; yet we learn, that even he was known to tame his anger, and to rise superior to the violence of his passions. Being one evening in a select company, when something was said which gave him great offense, his rage suddenly kindled, and rose to its utmost pitch: though he could not command his first emotions, he had resolution enough to leave the company. He walked bare-headed for some time, under the most violent agitation, in an intense frosty air, stamping on the ground and beating his head with all the marks of the greatest fury and passion; and did not return to the company until he was quite composed.

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AUTHENTICATED ETYMOLOGIES.

ANTIQUARIANS say, that an old negro at Cape Cod, whenever his master required any thing of him, would exclaim, "*Maffa chuse it.*" Thence in time the name of *Massachusetts*.

The city of *Albany* was originally settled by Scotch people. When strangers on their arrival there asked how the new comers did? the answer was, "*All bonny.*" The spelling we find a little altered, but not the sound.

When Julius Cæsar's army lay encamped at *Ticonderoga*, near a thousand years ago, the deserters were commonly tied up upon a battering ram and flogged: When any culprit was brought out, the commanding centurion would exclaim, "*Tie on the rogue!*" The name, we see, has worn well.

A fat landlady, who about the time of the flight of Mahomet from Mecca, lived between new Orleans and the Chicafaw cliffs, was scarcely ever unfurnished with pigeon sea pye; and thence got the name of *Mrs. Sea Pye*. The enormous river Mississippi, owes its name to the fat landlady.

In the reign of Dermot O'Mullogh, in the kingdom of Connaught, about the beginning of the second century, a noisy fellow by the name of *Pat Riot*, made himself very conspicuous; the word *Patriot* has come down to us perfect and unimpaired.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

JULIET.—A STORY.

THE sun had descended just below the horizon—all nature was wrapped in solemn silence—when Juliet hastened to the tomb of her dear friend. Having seated herself upon the green turf near his head, and looking with anxiety to the grave, she exclaimed—“Oh Lovemore!—Why leave your Juliet thus to mourn?—Answer me, my dear, this once—how cruel to separate us!—Oh Death, thou welcome messenger to those who are troubled—thou finisher of grief and despair—thou antidote to all future evils—Why thus delay thy second coming?—Or, why didst thou come so soon?—What have I been guilty of, that thus thou dost torment?—If Lovemore received the summons, why not Juliet?—Oh Lovemore!—thou who wert once the boast of creation, now to be no more!—Thou who wert once the delight of all who had the pleasure of thy acquaintance—now to be a companion for worms.—Cruel fates thus to deprive me of my all—If the summons must be obeyed, why was not the tomb of Lovemore made the receptacle for Juliet too.—Lovemore—he is gone—alas! he's gone—never to return—never to behold his Juliet again.—Lovemore! Lovemore!—why thus callous to the cries of her whom it was ever thy wish to please?—Must Juliet, thy beloved Juliet, weep in vain?—And must those lips which never spoke of Lovemore but with affection and delight, be silenced without a reply?—Surely you have not grown disdainful to her whom you once adored?—If still thou art the Lovemore whom Juliet once beheld—if still thy affection for her is pure, why thus be silent?—I conjure you by those tender vows which once you made, answer me now.”—“Juliet—Juliet”—“Hark!—What voice is that I hear calling on Juliet's name.”—“Why thus repine at the will of Heaven?—and why thus dictate to thy Creator how to act?—Consider thy presumption in reproving him.—Will your repeated cries to heaven restore new vigour to that inanimate, cold, and putrified clay?—No;—all will be in vain.—I charge you, reflect.”—“Have I erred?—Oh! righteous Heaven, and have I been guilty of accusing thee of injustice?—Have I called in question thy power?—Yes;—it is too true—I have.—Why did Juliet murmur, and why oppose thy just decrees?—O Heaven, was it not for the affection she bore to thee, Lovemore, that caused her thus to transgress?—Yes, it was, Juliet loved him, and Juliet still loves him—but her will must be submissive to the will of Heaven.—He who gave thee birth, O Lovemore! has called you hence.—You have answered your mission.—The summons served, the debt of nature's paid.—Juliet will no longer grieve.—Lovemore, soon shall you find thy Juliet in thy arms;—then that tomb which is now the receptacle of thy body, shall be mine.—And that tear which was seen on Juliet's cheek shall be changed to joy.—She who now weeps over thy cold clay, shall then be thy companion for ever.” Here Juliet embraced the grave of Lovemore, and summoning up the virtues of resignation and patience to her aid, she silently quitted the spot—and calmly mourned, not murmured, till Heaven united her spirit with that of her departed lover. TYRUNCULUS.

NEW-YORK, Sept. 21, 1796.

A RURAL PICTURE.

ON a spacious lawn, bounded on every side by a profusion of the most odoriferous flowering shrubs, a joyous band of villagers were assembled; the young men dressed in green; youth, health, and pleasure in their air, led up their artless charmers, in straw hats adorned with the spoils of Flora, to the rustic sound of the tabor and pipe. Round the lawn, at equal intervals, were raised temporary arbours of branches of trees, in which refreshments were prepared for the dancers; and between the arbours, seats of moss for their parents, shaded from the sun by green awnings, on poles, round which were twined wreaths of flowers, breathing the sweets of the spring. The surprise, the gaiety of the scene, the flow of general joy, the sight of so many happy people, the countenances of the enraptured parents, who seem to live anew again, the sprightly season of youth in their children, with the benevolent looks of the noble bestowers of the feast, filled my eyes with tears, and my swelling heart with a sensation of pure, yet lively transport, to which the joys of the courtly belles are mean.

GLEANINGS.

WHEN a man is disposed to reveal a secret, and expects that it shall be kept, he should first enquire whether he can keep it himself. This is good advice, perhaps a little in the Irish way.

All the wisdom in the world will do little while a man wants presence of mind. He cannot fence well that is not on his guard. Archimedes lost his life by being too busy to give an answer.

Notwithstanding the difference of estate and quality among men, there is such a general mixture of good and evil, that in the main, happiness is pretty equally distributed in the world. The rich are as often unhappy as the poor, as repletion is more dangerous than appetite.

It is wonderful how fond we are of repeating a scrap of Latin, in preference to the same sentiment in our own language equally well expressed. Both the sense and words of *Omnia vincit amor* (love conquers all) are worthy only of a school-boy, and yet how often repeated with an affectation of wisdom!

Revenge, speaking botanically, may be termed wild justice, and ought to be rooted out, as choking up the true plant. A first wrong does but offend the law, but revenge puts the law out of office. Surely, when government is once established, revenge belongs only to the law.

For more than a century, has Billingsgate been proverbial for the coarseness of its language. Whence is this? What connection is there between fresh fish and foul words? Why should the vending of that useful commodity, and elegant luxury, prompt to oaths, execrations, and every corruption of language, more than any other? And to think that the parties concerned are of the fair sex—O fye!

Reason has not more admirers than there are hypocrites. Hypocrites admire only the profits of wisdom, and approve just so much of her, as is agreeable and serviceable to their ends.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION.
OR INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.
Translated from the German of Tjchink.

(Continued from page 95.)

“YOU know that he has been in our house some time ago, informing us of your exaltation to the ducal dignity, and at the same time, placed the declaration of the ghost, concerning the murder, in its proper point of view. However, you are still ignorant of the most important circumstance. I will not dwell on the uncommon praise he bestowed on your family, and you in particular, but only mention that he concluded his panegyrics with the observation, that the Countess herself would deem you deserving her love, if she should be acquainted more intimately with your Grace. This unexpected turn perplexed Amelia evidently. She replied, she did not doubt the amiable qualities of the Duke, however she vowed eternal fidelity to the Count. ‘If that is your sole objection,’ the Irishman replied, ‘then I shall soon remove it. The deceased himself shall release you from your vow, from the performance of which he can derive neither benefit nor pleasure; it is in my power to make him declare it himself.’ ‘No, no!’ exclaimed Amelia, terrified, ‘the rest of the deceased shall not be interrupted; I should not be able to stand the sight of him.’ ‘No apparition, my Lady,’ the Irishman replied, ‘you shall neither hear nor see the deceased!’—With these words he took a blank piece of paper out of his pocket-book, requesting Amelia to write upon it the following words:—‘Spirit of the Count of Clairval, shall I preserve my heart and hand faithful to thee till death, according to my vow?’ As soon as the Countess had been persuaded to it with great difficulty, and wrote these words, the Irishman prevailed upon her to carry the paper to an apartment to which no one could have access without her knowledge and leave. Amelia chose the apartment contiguous to her bed-chamber. The shutters were bolted from within, the paper placed upon a table, and the room strongly fumigated by the Irishman, who uttered some mysterious words. When they had retired, the Irishman requested her to return and look after the paper; however she could see nothing but the words written by herself, upon which she shut the door, and put the key in her pocket.

“‘Sleep easy,’ the Irishman added, ‘and don’t open the chamber before to-morrow morning, when you will find an answer to your question.’

“The Irishman left us at eleven o’clock, and Amelia went to her bed-room, which she left not for a moment all night.—She went to bed, but uneasiness and curiosity did not suffer her to close her eyes. Not the least noise was heard in the adjoining apartment, and when Amelia entered it early in the morning, she had observed beneath the lines she had wrote, pale but legible characters, which she instantly knew to be the handwriting of her deceased Lord—‘Thy vow,

“which binds me to be a living being upon earth, and thee to one who is deceased, shackles my liberty. I break these chains. The man by whose orders I have been assassinated is Valco**ellos.’

“Imagine how Amelia was astonished at an incident which evidently was the effect of a superior power; the apartment, the shutters, and the door of which had been carefully secured, and which was guarded by Amelia herself, being entirely inaccessible to any mortal, except by violent means, of which no traces could be perceived on the window shutters. This miraculous event was decisive for my friend, who professed herself entirely at liberty from that moment.

“Your Grace will easily believe me, that the tender attachment to you, which had found access to her heart, guarded by a solemn vow, acquired additional activity when the shackles were thrown off. The ghost himself appeared to have silently approved, by naming the real murderer, the passion for a Prince, whose father had been injured by an unjust suspicion. Amelia endeavoured, nevertheless, to conceal from me the real state of her heart, and, out of caprice, rather would leave me to guess, than to confess herself, what might have been misinterpreted as a weakness. However, that very constraint which she experienced by concealing a secret that struggled to break its confinement, some words which she dropped unknowingly, her gloomy looks and silent melancholy—in short, all those traits which seem to have told you so very little of Amelia’s secret sentiments, convinced me soon that love was the silent tormentor of her heart. I communicated my discovery to her, and she confessed at last that I was not mistaken.

“Gracious Heaven!” I exclaimed, she confessed—

“And at the same time desired me earnestly to conceal it carefully from you; and do you know for what reason?”

“No!”

“Amelia feared she was not beloved by you. Your having proceeded on your travels during her illness without so much as taking leave of her, made her already suspect your indifference. This suspicion gained additional strength by your never having wrote a single line to her after your departure. Your behaviour during your present stay with us too, has cured her of that error as little as the information of your departure.”

“Should it be possible my love could have escaped Amelia’s looks?”

“It did not escape my observation.—I gathered carefully all the marks of it, and communicated them to my friend. However, they appeared to her to be nothing farther than proofs of gallantry, which every well-educated man is wont to offer at the shrine of beauty. ‘Is it possible,’ she said, ‘that true, ardent love, could refrain so long from coming to an explanation?’ And indeed, my Lord, can you say any thing against this objection?”

"My Lady, I could not entertain the least idea of such an explanation, while the misunderstanding concerning the murderer of Count Clairval was not removed, although I had not been ignorant of the resistance of Amelia, which was unknown to me ever since the removal from the castle in the forest, and the mysterious conduct of the Countess has prevented me from declaring now, what I ardently wished to avow publicly ever since I got acquainted with her. What has made you guess my happiness has induced me to apprehend my misfortune—I even feared to offend the Countess by my presence. I expected secret dislike to me, at most pity, but never a return of my love."

"I see you are but a novice in love," Lady Delier said smiling, "and I have of course acted wisely that I opened your eyes!"

"O! my dearest Baroness!" I replied, kissing her hand, "my gratitude will end only with my life."

"Silence! Silence!" she exclaimed, putting her hand on my lips, I have told you, as yet, only good news—the worst is coming now!"

"What can that be?" I asked with consternation.

"You shall hear Amelia's own words: 'The Duke' said she, 'does not love me, and even if he should have a passion for me, and avow it, he should hear the confession of my reciprocal tenderness, but never receive my hand. I am indeed released of my vow, but my present liberty will raise my fidelity to my deceased Lord, which was till now mere duty, to merit, and I will remain constant to him, as far as it will be in my power. I cannot command my love for the Duke, however my hand is at my disposal.'"

"Heavens! how you have damped my happiness!" I replied after a painful pause.

"Should a mere whim of the Countess really be able to dishearten your Grace? You do not consider how soon the love of a living adorer can subdue the fidelity to a deceased husband. Amelia's heart is yours, and her hand will certainly follow."

"It is not only this incertitude that makes me uneasy; the Countess loves me because she cannot help it. Can a love which I do not owe to a voluntary attachment render me happy?"

"How you are roving! what ought to make you proud and happy damps your spirits. What was it that impelled Amelia irresistibly to love you? can it have been any thing else but the consciousness of your perfections, and an irresistible sympathy which has united your hearts; and what can be more desirable, what more sincere and durable than such bonds? My Lord, love has done every thing for you, and you have done nothing for love. Disclose to Amelia your sentiments, communicate to her your tenderness, and her involuntary attachment to you will soon be changed into a voluntary passion."

"My dearest friend! My comforter!" I exclaimed, "what friendly genius is it that speaks through you, and animates my whole nature?"

"The genius of love—I have loved too, and know how to advise in affairs of the heart. But tell me sincerely, my Lord, would your father consent to a match beneath your dignity?"

"It would be of no consequence if he should not; I am Duke."

"I understand you; however I fear Amelia would never consent to a union which should be destitute of the benediction of the Marquis of Villa**al."

"My father loves me, and he will never oppose his only son in a matter upon which depends the happiness of his life."

"Well then! I will leave you to your good fortune. I shall not fail to contribute as much as is in my power to promote that union. However, (added she with dignity) I expect from your candour, that you will not misinterpret my interview with you, and the interest I take in that affair."

"I look upon it as a proof of your inestimable friendship."

"O! my children!" the Countess resumed with great emotion, "I love you as a mother. I could not bear any longer that two people, who seem to have been born for each other, should misunderstand one another in a manner so tormenting to both of you. You will render Amelia happy, my Lord, or I am dreadfully mistaken in my opinion of you. With this hope I put the fate of my friend entirely in your hands. I confide to your care an angel, whose early improvement was my work, and constitutes my pride, and whose perfections you scarcely know by half. I entrust to you a being of the purest and most excellent of hearts. Conclude from this, upon the confidence I repose in you."

"I shall endeavour to deserve it."

"Retire now, else we shall be surprised by Amelia; but take care not to make her suspect our interview and conversation. You even must not visit us this evening earlier than usual."

I promised it, and retired. My whole frame had been in a feverish tremor from the beginning of our conversation. I could scarcely utter the most necessary answers to the discourses of the Baroness. To be beloved by Amelia! This intelligence imparadised me, and my heart could scarcely contain the unspeakable bliss which had been showered down upon me. I went home like a dreaming person, went again abroad, and my feet carried me, unknowing to me, to the spot whither a secret impulse urged me to go. However, the severe command of the Baroness had drawn a large circle around Amelia's abode, which repelled me. I hovered at the margin of it like a spell-bound spirit, and sighed for the arrival of the appointed hour. Never had the setting in of night been expected with more impatience, and the sun appeared to me to retire unusually late from the horizon.

At length the wished-for hour arrived; however, the moment when I was going to the house which contained all that was dear to me, an unspeakable anxiety damped

suddenly my rapturous joy. I had promised not to betray by my behaviour the intelligence which the Baroness had imparted to me, and yet I deemed it impossible to preserve such a dominion over myself if the vehemency of my state of mind should not abate. This was the source of my anxiety, which added to the danger of exposing myself, because it deprived me of the small remnant of self dominion which my rapturous joy had left me. I entered the house. The woman of the Countess told me her Lady was in the garden. I went through several rows of trees without finding her. The moon peeped now and then through the fleecy clouds, and concealed her silvery orb again. The great extent of the garden, and the impetuous state of my mind, increased the difficulty of finding the idol of my heart. At length, stepping forth from a side path, enclosed with high hedges, I fancied I saw something stirring at a distance, near a statue. Having advanced some paces the light of the moon reflected from the marble statue upon Amelia, removed every doubt. I approached with tottering steps, and found Amelia reclining against a pedestal of a Diana, and immersed in profound meditation. The rustling of the dry leaves beneath my footsteps, roused her from her reverie.

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

REMARKS ON MUSIC.

(Continued from page 91.)

THE present universal passion for this art, and the fashion of making it a necessary part of education, induces me to consider it as relating to the fair sex, more particularly. Parents are naturally inclined to make their children partake of those amusements the most prevailing and fashionable. As music in this age comes under that denomination, it is no wonder we find every attention paid to this qualification at the earliest period of life. The most eminent masters are obtained; and much time and expence bestowed to acquire this accomplishment. The fond parent, anxious to embellish the darling child, and render her fit for polite company, compels her to perseverance, without discriminating the propensity of her own nature, but vainly imagines, that a proficiency is certainly to be obtained in proportion to the reputation of her instructor. Under this delusion the young lady is too often brought into public company, and exhibits her own performance, to the well-bred, amidst the admiration and astonishment of the ignorant many, and the silent pity of the judicious few. Here again let us call to mind the observation of Plutarch, and consider how far the manners of a people are denoted by the style of their music. The present state of dissipation in the fashionable world, and the agitation of spirits ever attendant on crowded assemblies and pleasurable pursuits, elevate the mind and taste

above the standard of sober thoughts. Every thing is sought which can assist the temporary frenzy, and nothing deemed worth our knowing but how to forget ourselves. This unhappy situation renders the generality of our fashionable people lost to any serious examination of true or false impression, while they are indiscriminately led to approve or condemn whatever the multitude of fashion establishes by its sanction. It is not now sought as a repose for the mind after its fatigues, but to support its tumults; and the imagination is now to be surprised with the wonderful execution of the performer, whilst the effect is totally neglected.

Since the supreme Being has formed many of his most beautiful works according to the principles of harmony, from whence some of our most pure and affecting pleasures arise, can it be looked upon as unbecoming, that our youth of both sexes should bestow some portion of their time to the study of what was manifestly intended by Providence to allure us to love of order, according to the Platonic doctrine quoted by Plutarch? surely not; the younger part of the female sex, who discover the least propensity to music, or shew any signs of having a good ear, should certainly learn music, not for the sake of rendering these fit for the fashionable world, nor for parade and ostentation; but should so learn as to amuse their own family, and for that domestic comfort they were by Providence designed to promote; and to relieve the anxieties and cares of this life, to inspire cheerfulness, and elevate the mind to a sense of love of order, virtue and religion.

A. O.

(To be continued.)

NEW-YORK, Sept. 26, 1796.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

A few days ago by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. RICHARD ELLIS to Miss CATHARINE VAN TUYL.

Also Mr. PETER VANDERVOORT LEYDARD to Miss MARIA VAN TUYL---both the ladies, daughters to Andrew Van Tuyl, Esq. of this city.

On Wednesday last by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. ROBERT WARDELL to Miss LAVINIA WOODS, daughter to John Woods, Esq.

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METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 18th to the 24th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100	8. 1. 6.	1. 8. 6.
Sept. 18	55	58	25 53 75	nw. do. do.	cloudy, h. wd. do. do.
19	52	50	64 53 50	w. nw. do.	clear, h. wd. do. do. lt. w.
20	57	75	68 66 75	nw. do. do.	clear, h. w. do. do. do.
21	57	67	50 63 50	nw. sw. ne.	clear, lt. wd. do. do. do.
22	66	73	75 58 50	s. sw. nw.	clear, rn. very high wd.
23	50	63	59	n. do. do.	clear, lt. wd. do. do.
24	53	25	67 75 64	w. sw. do.	clear, lt. wd. do. do.

For the New-York Weekly Magazine.

TO CLARA.

AND could'st thou think our commerce thus should end,
 Oblivion thus blot out the sacred fire,
 Thy virtues, worth, and merit thus expire,
 That does adorn my lovely charming friend :
 Ah no! while mem'ry holds her seat
 Within the precincts of this breast,
 The soft sensation e'er will beat,
 And e'er remain my steadfast guest ;
 Nor, while the blood flows round my heart,
 With the blest image will I part :
 While o'er each raptur'd scene will fancy play,
 And friendship's consecrated flame shall light the way.

Alas! my mind recalls with rapturous joy
 Those early times when tender Clara smil'd ;
 Nor pain nor sorrow did our souls annoy,
 When social converse the soft hours beguil'd.
 Where oft' when Sol's bright beams illum'd the morn,
 Together we have tripp'd the pearly lawn ;
 With rapturous joy have hail'd the new-born day,
 And tun'd to nature's God the vocal lay :
 And oft' when evening's sable humid cloud
 The glowing fun retiring did uncloud,
 On airy pinions borne, by fancy rais'd,
 With solemn awe and adoration gaz'd
 At that great power, whose mandate does controul,
 Combine, connect, and regulate the whole.
 Thus did our bosoms mutual glow
 With sacred friendship's flame ;
 We only wept for others' woe,
 Nor did we weep in vain :
 For white-rob'd charity, borne by the breeze along,
 Heard and approv'd the sympathizing song.

Those early joys, alas! are o'er,
 For fate's barb'd arrows struck my soul ;
 Pale sorrow does my bosom gore,
 And anguish all my mind controul :
 My heart's unstrung, no more can music charm,
 Nor mirth nor pleasure my cold bosom warm ;
 For melancholy's poison to me clings,
 And sorrow's dark veil'd mantle round me flings :
 For, O alas! un pitying Heav'n
 Has clos'd in everlasting sleep,
 The gentlest soul that e'er was giv'n
 O'er misery's sad form to weep :
 Though kind, though chaste, to virtue strict allied,
 To Death's unerring shafts—she bow'd—and died !
 Yes, dear Maria, though thou art no more,
 Reflection e'er will prey upon my heart ;
 Until we meet upon that blissful shore,
 In joys uninterrupted, ne'er to part.
 But hark, what magic sound
 Thrilling the ambient air around,
 So soft, to gentle—now more loud,
 Some seraph, surely, rides upon the cloud ;
 Or, is it Orpheus with his heav'n-born lay,
 Driving the mystic shades of pain away :
 Or is it friendship's dulcet voice, whose strain
 Can thus raze out the troubles of the brain ;
 O yes, 'tis friendship—friendship's hallow'd song,
 To her alone such heavenly powers belong.

Angelic maid, again strike the wrapt wire,
 Let music's softest notes flow from thy lyre ;
 With sweet vibrations cut the liquid air,
 And banish from our souls corroding care ;
 For when thy flowing numbers ride the gale,
 The woe-struck heart forgets her tragic tale ;
 To black-rob'd melancholy bid adieu,
 We catch the rapturous sound, and only think of you.

EMMA.

New-York, Sept. 24, 1796.

For the New-York Weekly Magazine.

SONNET.

THOU fading mount, whose variegated brow
 The rage of rude autumnal blasts betrays,
 How justly emblematical art thou
 Of life's dire changes, and its sad decays.
 When on the pensive visage time portrays
 His stealing languor, and the sickning heart,
 Dead to the smiles of joy, and charms of art,
 To blooming hope, and pleasure's soft controul,
 No more with sweet emotion can impart
 A gleam of comfort to the cheerless soul ;
 Still holds the allusion when thy honours bow
 Beneath the early storm's despoiling rage,
 And sad affliction, life consuming woe,
 Foretells the influence of declining age.

MONTREAL.

MATILDA.

THE CAPTIVE'S COMPLAINT.

(Inscribed to Anna.)

HARK, the chains rattle round as I turn on my side,
 And the pains of captivity now are my doom ;
 My cell and my bed are scarcely as wide
 As yon willow-tree grave I discern through the gloom.

I was borne from my home, the frail child of despair,
 O'er the main I was driv'n, whose limits are wide ;
 The winds and the waves all augmented my care,
 And the chains of injustice hung hard by my side.

The tyrant, stern grief, my little children attends ;
 And tears from their eyes impatiently glide ;
 They weep and they mourn without comforting friends,
 While I in despair shake the chains by my side.

The days and the nights too slow pass away,
 And death, though hard by, my pains won't decide ;
 Oh! why will he pause and his purpose delay,
 For the chains rattle hard which cling to my side.

The morning may dawn when the Heav'ns more kind,
 May unsettle the pris'ner whose anguish is wide ;
 Shake those chains far away, and give ease to a mind
 Grown callous by grief, and the chains of his side.

L. LE FEVRE.

PINE-STREET, Sept. 23, 1796.

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